

Fifty Shades: Without The Break

by Grey girl 1989

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Summary: When Christian hit Ana with the belt in book 1, it caused a chain reaction of events. But what if he had stopped? How would things have unfolded for our favorite couple? Here is my take on what would happen without them breaking up for 5 days. This is a short story or 4 chapters. I will post 1 chapter a day for 4 days. HEA. Lots of fluff and no angst.

1. Chapter 1

****HI EVERY ONE****

****GUESS WHO'S BACK? WELL, FOR A LITTLE WHILE I AM.****

****HERE IS MY LATEST STORY. ITS A SHORT STORY. ONLY 4 CHAPTERS BUT IT DOES COVER A LOT OF GROUND. I WOULD LOVE TO WRITE ANOTHER MULTI CHAPTER STORY BUT BECAUSE OF MY JOB I WOULD HARDLY EVER BE ABLE TO UPDATE AND AS A READER AS WELL AS AN AUTHOR I KNOW HOW FRUSTRATING IT IS TO WAIT WEEKS AND SOMETIMES MONTHS FOR AN UPDATE. ****

****THIS STORY IS COMPLETE AND I WILL UPLOAD ONE CHAPTER A DAY FOR FOUR DAYS.****

****HOPE YOU ALL LIKE IT.****

****A LITTLE INFO ON THE STORY...****

****WHEN CHRISTIAN HIT ANA WITH THE BELT IN BOOK 1, IT CAUSED A CHAIN REACTION. SHE LEFT HIM. THEY BOTH SUFFERED. THEY GOT BACK TOGETHER. HYDE HAPPENED. LELIA HAPPENED. THE HELICOPTER CRASH HAPPENED. THEY GOT MARRIED. THEN IT WAS THE BIG BLOW OUT WHEN HE FOUND OUT SHE WAS PREGNANT AND THEN THE KIDNAPPING.****

****BUT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE DID'NT HIT HER WITH THE BELT? HOW WOULD THE STORY HAVE PANNED OUT?****

****WELL, HERE IS WHAT I THINK WOULD HAPPEN.****

****LATERS ****

****GG89 X X X****

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><p>ANAS POV...

"I'm going to give you six hits, Anastasia. You will count after each one, understood?"

"Yes, Sir" I brace myself for the blow by gripping my fingers across the table.

This is it. This is the moment when we will truly be able to tell if I can be enough for him. If I can really give him what he needs. I've asked for it. I told him to show me the worst and now here I am. Bent over a table with my ass bare and my Dominant/Lover/not really a boyfriend behind me with a belt.

I squeeze my eyes shut and wait.

And wait.

And wait.

And wait.

The first hit never comes. Instead I hear the belt being dropped to the floor.

"Stand up, Anastasia." I stand up and turn around and he is just staring at me.

"Whats wrong? Why didn't you do it?" Perhaps he knows in his heart that I would not be able to take it.

"Go to your room" He orders me coldly.

"Christian, wha..."

"That's an order, Miss Steele and in this apartment and especially in this room I expect to be obeyed so go to your room. Now!" He snarls at me and for the first time in our strange arrangement, I'm scared of him.

I make my way out of the playroom and walk to my room. It's still early so I get back into the bed and snuggle under the covers.

Why did he stop? Does he not want me anymore? I thought that was what he wanted. That's why I asked him to show me. How are we going to move forward with our, for lack of a better word, relationship if I can't give him the harsher stuff and he's unwilling to even try?

After the day we spent in Georgia and then how he greeted me when I came back I know one thing for sure.

I've fallen in love with him.

Perhaps I've always loved him? I'm not sure when it started. What I do know though is that I can't tell him. I know him, well, I think I know him and he would freak out if I revealed that.

I don't know how long I wait for him but pretty soon my eyes start to drop and I'm pulled into slumber.

****CHRISTIANS**** POV****

"That's an order, Miss Steele and in this apartment and especially in this room I expect to be obeyed so go to your room. Now!" I snarl at her and she meekly leaves the room without looking at me.

I pick the belt up from the floor and put it back on its hook.

What the fuck just happened to me? I was poised to hit her and this little voice in my head begged me not to do it. I think on some level I know that she could not take the harsher aspects of my lifestyle. She would leave me if I hit her. And her leaving is not an option. The two days she was away from me in Georgia were torture.

I look around the room and all of the stuff I know she won't handle. The belts. The whips. The canes. They need to go. I won't risk losing her. I don't know what is happening between us but I'm not ready for it to end. Not by a long shot.

I take down the belts, canes and whips and put them in a small hidden storage unit that's hidden in the wall. I walk over to the chest and pull out the really harsh clamps and various instruments that I know she would never go for. Or that I would ever use on her.

I've never doubted myself or my lifestyle before but for the first time, it makes me uncomfortable.

Ana's a good girl. God, she was a virgin a few weeks ago. She deserves something better. Someone better. The thought of her with someone else makes my pulse race and my blood boils. She's mine!

I'm not a hearts and flowers guy but I did enjoy taking her gliding. Perhaps if I keep doing things like that, she will think it's more. She said the gliding was more, didn't she? Perhaps I can take her out on The Grace? Perhaps we can mix her wants and my wants together. I have loved our two playroom scenes so far and neither included any pain for her and it's some of the best sex I've ever had in my life so I think I can manage not beating the shit out of her to get my rocks off.

But she'll run when she knows I'm a sadist. I'll just have to make sure she never finds that out. Ever.

I walk out of the playroom, making sure to lock the door behind me, and make my way to the subs room. No, not the subs room. Ana's room. I slowly open the door and find her fast asleep under the covers. I take off my pants and tee shirt leaving me naked and get in beside her. She makes a soft noise of protest at being jostled but then she turns and snuggles into my arm.

This feeling I get when she's close...this...contentment...is a foreign feeling but it's...nice. Real nice.

I give her a kiss on the top of her head and then close my eyes because sleep is consuming me.

* * *

><p>I wake sometime later to a feeling of being touched. Not on my chest, which would cause me panic. But on my cock.<p>

I open one of my eyes and see Ana with her head resting on my abs and her finger slowly tracing my cock which is twitching at her touch.

The thought of her exploring my body this way turns me on and I start to grow even more under her finger. She giggles softly and then takes the full length in her hand and strokes me from root to tip. The feeling of her hand on me makes me moan and she turns her head and sees that I am awake. She lets go of me like she's being burned and falls back to her side of the bed.

"I'm sorry...I...didn't..." She's blushing profusely and can't look me in the eye.

I take her hand and place it back on my cock.

"Keep going"

She smiles and then resumes her position on my abs. She strokes me slowly but firmly and when she leans down and takes my tip in her mouth the feeling sends me over the edge and I explode in her mouth. She licks me clean and then lays down beside me.

"That was...wow! What a wake up call, Miss Steele"

"I aim to please, Mr Grey"

"And please me you do" I flip over so I am on top of her and take both her hands in mine.

"Remember the other day when I said tit for tat is not normally my thing?"

She nods her head shyly because she knows what I am about to do.

"Brace yourself, Baby because I'm going to make you scream"

And I did. All morning

* * *

><p>ANAS POV

I finish putting the finishing touches to our lunch and then go and knock on Christians study door.

"Come in" He calls and I push the door open. I find him sat behind his desk, tapping away on his laptop.

"Lunch is ready" I tell him but instead of standing up to come eat, he asks me to sit.

I take a seat on one of the chairs in front of his desk and start twisting my hands. This is it. He's going to tell me its all over. He sets his laptop aside and then just stares at me for a minute. It makes me uncomfortable.

"Anastasia, about what happened in the playroom this morning" My stomach drops. He's going to make me leave. I don't say anything and I let my gaze linger on a spot behind his shoulder.

"I realized this morning that some of the harsher aspects of my lifestyle will be too much for you. So, I took the liberty of writing up a new contract"

"A new contract?" I thought he said the contract was a moot point after Georgia?

"Here, take a look. I think you'll like this one" He turns his laptop around and I see the contract.

Everything looks the same until get half way down and find some new paragraphs in bold black font.

****THE USE OF BELTS, CAINS AND WHIPS ARE HEREBY PROHIBITED TO BE USED ON ANASTASIA. PLAYROOM SESSIONS WILL INCLUDE PLEASURE PLAY ONLY, UNLESS ANASTASIA PUTS HERSELF IN THE WAY OF ACTUAL BODILY HARM, IS FOUND IN THE COMPANY OF ANOTHER MAN ROMANTICALLY OR IS FOUND TO BE TAKING RECREATIONAL DRUGS UPON WHICH TIME SHE WILL BE PUNISHED****_

He's written Anastasia, instead of the submissive which is what was in the original contract. And whats the bit about pleasure only? That, I like!

"I don't understand?"

"Its simple. The two times we have been in the playroom and played have been fantastic. We have insane sexual chemistry and instead of testing out your limits for pain which was my original intention, I would like to see what your pleasure limits are" He smirks when I press my thighs together.

"So, the rules are off the table?"

"Not all of them. In the playroom I expect you to obey every rule and I would also like you to start lessons with my trainer and the food rule still applies along with the no drinking to excess, no drugs and no other men. Apart from that, just keep doing what you're doing"

"So if I roll my eyes at you, you wont spank me?"

"Oh I will, but I'll make damn sure you like it"

"But don't you need the whips and belts and things? Don't you need more?"

He is silent for a few minutes but then he stands up and walks in front of me.

"I do need more. More of you." He leans down and gently touches his lips to mine. When we pull apart he taps a few buttons on the laptop and then shows me the next paragraph he has added.

****THE RULE OF ONLY SPENDING FRIDAY THROUGH SUNDAY IS NOW VOID. ANYTIME DURING THE WEEK OR WEEKEND WHICH DOES NOT CONFLICT WITH EACH PARTIES PLANS, WILL BE SPENT TOGETHER. THIS WILL INVOLVE ACTIVITIES SUCH AS DINING OUT. SAILING. SOARING. AND ANY OTHER ACTIVITY THAT IS DEEMED SAFE AND SECURE****

"Date nights? You're adding date nights?"

"Well...I think we both enjoyed soaring and I enjoyed having dinner at the Heathman with you so I think it would be mutually beneficial for us both to keep doing these activities" He's always so formal. Why couldn't he just say "We had fun. Let's do it again"

"So essentially this contract is just for me to be your sub in the playroom and out side of the playroom I would be...?"

"My girlfriend" he tells me shyly and then blushes.

I beam at him and then I read the rest of the contract and then hit the print button. I reach over and grab it from his printer while he looks at me in, what? Wonder? Shock? Amusement? I can't tell.

"Do you have a pen, Mr Grey?"

"You're going to sign?"

"Yes. There is nothing in this contract that scares me. The other one did. That's why I was hesitant to sign it"

"Why didn't you tell me it scared you?"

"I...um...I wanted to please you, I guess" I blush

He kisses me gently again and then leans behind him for a pen and presents it to me with a flourish.

"Miss Steele"

"Thank you, Mr Grey"

I sign my name with a flourish and then hand the pen to him. He places the contract on his desk and signs his name next to mine. I know this contract is not legal and it's not worth the paper its printed on but when I see him sign his name I feel...complete.

"Well, we finally got there" He smirks at me and I grin. He walks around so he is once again in front of me and then he pulls me flush against him.

"So I'm your submissive now?"

"In the playroom, yes. But everywhere else, I prefer to call you my girlfriend"

"I like that" I Smile and he grins.

"After we have had lunch, I'm going to take you to my bedroom and introduced you to the spreader bar"

"Spreader bar?"

"Trust me, you're going to love it. And then tonight, after the Gala, I'm taking you into the playroom and we're going to see how many times you can come before you pass out" He whispers in my ear and my knees almost buckle.

"Ok" I bleat out meekly.

"Oh, before I forget. I have a present for you to wear tonight" He lets me go and then walks over to his desk and pulls out a red box. He places the box in my hand and then looks at me with a look of nervousness.

"I saw these and thought of you" He motions for me to open the box and when I do I gasp when I see the diamond earrings inside.

"Christian, they're beautiful!"

"Not as beautiful as you, Anastasia. I can't wait to see you wear them and I can't wait to show you off tonight. You're mine. I even have the paperwork now"

"I guess you do" I say as I thumb the earrings .

"Thank you, Christian. I love them"

And I love you too...

2. Chapter 2

****HI GUYS****

****GLAD YOU LIKE THE NEW STORY. HERE IS CHAPTER 2.****

****GOOD LUCK TO EVERYONE WHO HAS A BET ON THE GRAND NATIONAL TODAY.

****CHEERS****

****GG89 xx****

****ANAS POV...****

I flop down on my bed with a groan. My feet are killing me.

It was my first day at SIP today and I have been rushing around after my boss all day. The man is an asshole. Plain and simple. But I love my job. I love the publishing world and I feel that my job as his assistant is a great stepping stone for my career.

The highlight of my day though was the massive display of pink roses that were waiting for me on my desk. The sweet and simple card made me swoon.

_I am so proud of you, Miss Steele. _

The publishing world has found itself a very rare gem.

My gem.

Have a fantastic first day, baby

_From your very friendly, neighborhood CEO _

_ x_

I have texted him throughout the day and we have bantered back and forth but there is nothing like actually being near him. I know that the new contract said that the Friday to Sunday rule was abolished but I didn't want to be presumptuous and assume we were spending the night together. I know he has a very busy day at work today so I didn't want to bug him too much.

I get up and make my way into the shower. As I am rinsing off the bubbles I think that showers are so much more fun with Christian.

I throw on some boy shorts and a vest and then make my way to the kitchen. There is not a lot of food in here. I have been in Georgia and Kate is in Barbados so no one has been shopping. Looks like I am going out.

I throw on some sweats and a hoody and make my way down the street to Ernie's supermarket. I grab a shopping cart and start filling up on the essentials. When I pass the aisle with the condoms and lube I blush at all the things Christian and I have done.

I pay for my shopping and then grab my two bags and head back to the apartment. On my walk I can't help but feel like I am being watched. I stop and turn around and across the street there is a very disheveled woman looking at me. She has long brown hair and very very pale skin. Her clothes are too big for her and she looks really dirty. When she sees me staring at her she turns around and disappears down a side road.

What the hell was that about?

I forget about the disheveled girl and start walking back home. Just as I round the bend to my apartment block I see Christian frantically running his hand through his hair outside my door while he screams into his phone. He looks casual in his jeans and tee shirt but his face is stressed.

He turns around a few times and then spots me standing just down the street from him. Even from here I can see the relief on his face. He says something into his phone and then sprints over to me. Before I can even register what he is doing I drop my bags just in time for him to pick me up and hold me against his chest.

"Jesus Christ, Ana! You almost gave me a heart attack!"

"Why?" My question comes out all muffled because my face is pressed against him. The urge to nuzzle his chest is almost overwhelming but I know it's a hard limit for him so I refrain.

He pulls me away from him slowly and then bends down and gently brushes his lips over mine. Just as he starts to pull back I reach up and tangle my fingers in his hair and pull him back to my mouth. Our kiss is frantic and before long I am moaning into his mouth.

"We're in public, Miss Steele" He pulls back and then bends down and picks up my scattered grocery's.

"Christian, what are you doing here and why did you say I scared you?"

"You didn't answer your phone, Anastasia. I came here and found you gone and when I tried to call you all I got was your voicemail. I panicked."

"I left my cell phone in my room so it could charge. I only went to the store down the road. If I had known you were coming over I would have made sure I was home"

"Well you're here now. I'm here. We have food and an empty apartment, so..." He smiles shyly at me and I can help but return it.

I grab his hand and lead him into my apartment. Thank god I did all the chores last night and the place is clean.

"Welcome to my humble abode" I say as we enter. I take the bags off of him and then put them on the kitchen counter.

"Make yourself at home and I'll make us some food. Do you want a beer?"

"Yes please" I grab him a beer from the stuff I just bought and hand it to him. He thanks me by pressing a quick kiss to my lips making me blush.

This seems so, so...normal. A guy and a girl hanging out, having a beer and food with a promise of carnal pleasures later in the evening.

"Can I stay the night?" He asks from behind me as I am cutting up bits of chicken for a stir fry.

"Sure. Do you need anything to wear for tomorrow? I think Elliott left some stuff in Kate's room"

"It's OK, I have a bag in the car. I'll go get it" He smirks

"What if I had said no to you staying here?" I arch my eyebrow at him. He wraps his arms around me and then starts a trail of kisses up and down my neck.

"Then I would have to convince you one way or another" He whispers and then bites my ear. He stops his assault almost as fast as he started and then he leaves the apartment to go get his bag. He walks back in a few minutes later and I point him off in the direction of my room. He is gone for a really long time so I go check on him and I find him looking at all the pictures I have dotted around the bookshelf in the far corner of my room.

"Hey"

"Hey, I was just looking at your pictures. You were a cute kid" he grins and shows me the frame he has in his hand. Its of me when I am about 6. I am holding up a small fish and Ray is behind me helping me hold the fishing line.

"That was taken at Yellowstone. Ray took me there so we could camp out and fish. My mom came too but she spent most of the time at the spa in one of the resorts near by"

"I like this one the most" He tells me and then points to the cut out newspaper clipping of him and me at my graduation. I have it propped up against the Tess books he got me.

"I like that one too" I smile.

"I can get you a proper picture if you want"

"It's OK. I like the clipping"

"I'll get you some from the Gala on Saturday then. You can start a scrap book"

I smile when I think of the Gala. We danced and mingled all night and he introduced me as his girlfriend.

"Lets take a selfie" I say and walk over to grab my phone.

"A selfie?"

"You know, a picture of us that we take ourselves. Here, you take it because you have longer arms" I hand him my phone and he looks bemused. He pulls me to his side and I smile as he clicks the button. I take the phone from him and look at our picture. Its nice.

"Not bad. But I think you should be laughing" Before I can think he grabs me close and falls back onto the bed so I am on top of him, my back to his front. He snatches my phone and then starts tickling my ribs making me squeal and him laugh.

He clicks the camera a dozen times while I am thrashing around on top of him. All of a sudden he stops tickling me and puts his hand up my top and squeezes my breast making me moan. I flip myself over so I am laying right on top of him. I place my hands on either side of his head and then lean down and kiss him gently.

When I pull back he is looking at me strangely.

"What's wrong?"

He shakes his head as if ridding himself of an ugly thought and then he smiles at me.

"What are you doing to me, Miss Steele?"

"Same thing you're doing to me, Mr Grey"

He smiles a dazzling smile and then slaps my ass. Hard!

"Come on, wench. Feed me" He gets off the bed and then leads me back into the kitchen.

* * *

><p>After a very nice meal we are both sat on my sofa playing the question game. We are both laughing over a bottle of wine over some of the things that we have revealed about ourselves.<p>

"Oh come on! Seriously?" I squeal.

"I'm serious. I've never made a bed in my life. When I lived at home my mom would do it. In college I had a cleaning lady and then when I moved into Escala I had Gail" he shrugs like its no big deal that a man of 27 has never made a bed.

"You poor spoiled little rich boy" I giggle.

"OK, my turn. When and with whom, was your first kiss?"

"Um, I was 15 and it was with a boy called Bradley"

"Do you still speak to him? Where does he live?" He looks angry at my admission.

"Christian, he lives in Texas and I haven't seen him in years. We kissed once and then about a week later I moved back to Montesano with Ray" he looks happy with my answer but then he frowns.

"Why did you move back with Ray?"

Oh, shit. Do I tell him? Knowing his temper he won't let it go...but on the other hand, there is nothing he can do about it now.

"Promise you will let me finish and you won't get mad?" He looks a little shocked by my request but he must sense that this is a difficult subject for me so he scoots over a little and takes my hands in his.

"I'll let you finish and I won't get mad" He gives me a kiss in the forehead and I take a big breath.

"The day I had my first kiss, I thought it was just Bradley and I in the house. We were studying on the living room floor and the kiss just kinda happened. It was a bit awkward to be honest with you. We were friends before that and as soon as that kissed happened I knew our friendship would never be the same. After we had finished studying he said good by and then kissed me again at the door. My mothers third husband had just came home and he saw us. As soon as he got in the house he went ballistic. He started calling me a little whore and a little slut and then he hit me. He slapped me straight across the face and it made my nose bleed" Christian freezes next to me but gives my hand a little squeeze.

"It shocked me so much that I just ran out of the room and cried. I locked myself in my room but as soon as my mother came home I ran downstairs and told her. She was angry at Steve but not like she should have been. I mean, I was her 15 year old daughter who still had blood on her face and all she said was he wouldn't do it again

and then she Sent me to my room. The next day, when I came home from school, I found Steve in my room. He was sat on my bed and when I told him to get out he said he owned the house and was entitled to be in any room. I left to change my clothes in the bathroom and he walked straight in. I screamed and he left but for the next week he would try to get me on my own or he would try to touch my arms or legs but I would just leave the room. I knew what he would do the next time he got me on my own so I called my dad and he came and got me the same day. I never saw Steve again and my mother filed for divorce about 6 months later. She came to visit me and her face was so messed up I cried. He broke her cheek bone, a few ribs and her wrist. He was a monster and I'm glad he's now dead"

"Dead?"

"Yeah. He had a drinking problem and he drove home from a bar and smashed straight into a bridge. My dad told me that he had died on impact. Funny thing was is that the divorce had not been finalized yet so my mom ended up with all his money and his house. She sold the house, moved to Savannah and met Bob so I guess it all worked out OK in the end"

"If he wasn't dead already I would kill him!"

"Christian, Chill out. He is long gone and I am OK now"

He cups my face gently and then kisses me softly.

"Lets go to bed" He whispers and then leads me into my room.

* * *

><p>I awake the next morning feeling hot. Really hot. When I open my eyes I am met with a mop of copper hair.<p>

Christian is fast asleep with his head on my chest and his legs entwined with mine.

When we got to bed last night I thought we would fuck. Instead, he made love to me. Slow, gentle, amazing love. I know he said he doesn't do hearts and flowers but last night was the best of my life. He even lit the candle on my bedside table to give the room "Ambiance"

I look at the clock and see its just past 7am. I have work at 9am so I have plenty of time. I start to run my fingers through Christians hair and he stirs. He looks up and his eyes are bright.

"Morning, Mr Grey"

"Morning, Baby" He leans up and kisses me softly. I feel his erection between my legs and he grins at me.

"There are so many advantages to waking up with you" He smiles and then goes to kiss me again. His eyes snag on the clock and his eyes widen.

"SHIT!" He screams and jumps out the bed.

"Whats wrong?"

"I have a breakfast meeting at 7:30 and its on the other side of town" he starts jamming his legs into his pants while gathering the rest of his clothes and his phone. He leans over me and cages me in the circle of his arms.

"This is the second time I have been late in the last few weeks and I'm blaming you, Miss Steele"

"I seem to remember you waking me up at 2am for sex, Mr. Grey. It's not my fault you over slept"

"It's because you're so fucking sexy I can't keep my hands off you. I really want to bury myself in you right now but I can't miss this meeting. I'll call you later?" He gives me a long lingering kiss on the lips and before I can blink he's out the door.

I flop back down on the bed with a ridiculous smile on my face.

Everything with Christian seems so normal. Gone is the aloof, cold man that I interviewed and in his place is a warm, caring, lovable man. My man.

With that thought in mind I get out of bed and head for a shower.

I can honestly say that at this point in my life, I am really happy. But knowing my luck, it won't last for long.

3. Chapter 3

****ANAS POV.****

"Christian, this is amazing! I still can't believe you can fly this thing"

"Well I am a man of many talents, Anastasia" He grins at me and then turns his attention back to the controls in front of him.

We are flying to Portland in his helicopter for Jose's art show. I didn't think we would make up in time to come here this evening because we had the biggest fight of our relationship yesterday.

When I turned up at SIP yesterday morning I was told by a very furious Jack Hyde that none of us had to come in on Friday because SIP had been sold and the new owner was sending in a security team to over haul the building and go through all employee files. All Employees who are deemed to be lacking in their jobs will be up for review. I was assured by Claire that she overheard Jerry Roach say that there would be no job loses unless someone was severely under performing or found to be doing something unethical.

I didn't really take any notice of the news because it was only my third day and so far I have been doing great and everybody seems happy with my performance. I got on with my work but when I went on my lunch break I went to the deli down the street and on my return I saw Ryan, one of Christians security guys, heading in the direction of the security rooms.

My brain quickly put 2 and 2 together and it didn't take a genius to figure out who had bought it.

I called him and when he, reluctantly I might add, confirmed my fears, I hung up on him. I ignored his calls and texts for the rest of the day but when I got home he was waiting in the side walk In front of my building with a massive bunch of red roses and a balloon that said "Sorry I was an Arse".

I was still fuming with him but I let him in anyway. He quickly told me that it was only for my safety and he assured me that he would not interfere with my job. I made him swear on everything he held dear that he would not use our connection to either hinder or boost my career and he swore that he would not.

I forgave him and then we had make up sex. I almost want to argue with him again because make up sex is hot!

Because I don't have to work tomorrow, Christian has booked us a suite at the Heathman hotel where we will spend the weekend.

Kate isn't back until next Friday so spending three days locked away in a hotel room with Christian sounds like heaven.

When we get to Portland, Taylor is waiting for us in the SUV. We make our way to the exhibit and when we get there, Christian tells Taylor he will call him later because we are going to walk to a near by restaurant after the show so we won't need him.

We walk into the exhibit hand in hand and almost instantly bump into Jose.

"Ana! You came!" He pulls me into a hug which I am unable to give back because Christian won't let my hand go. When Jose pulls back he frowns when he finally sees that I am with Christian.

"Mr Grey, thank you for coming" he holds out his hand and Christian takes it reluctantly.

"Not a problem. Anastasia wanted to come and what my girlfriend wants my girlfriend gets" He stresses the my girlfriend bit and then to really drive the point home he kisses me gently on the lips.

"Oh...I didn't realize you two were dating. You never mentioned that, Ana" Jose seems pissed and I don't like the look he is shooting at Christian.

I tuck myself closer under Christians arm and look Jose straight in the eye.

"I've not had a lot of free time lately to be honest. I have a new job and I spend all of my free time with Christian" I shrug "We're going to go have a look around and we will catch up with you later" I tell him and then I pull Christian away because I can see he is close to snapping.

"That boy wants in your panties, Anastasia" He all but growls at me.

"For once, I think you're right but do you know what the problem with him wanting in my panties is?"

"What?"

I turn into him and link my fingers behind his neck before standing in my tip toes so I can talk into his ear.

"Because the panties, and everything they are covering belong to you and only you and they will continue to belong to you for however long we want" I whisper.

I can feel him go hard against my belly and he gulps before his face breaks out into the biggest smile I have ever seen.

"If that's the case then I'll want those things, and the rest of you, forever"

We both stand there smiling shyly at each other because this is the first time that either one of us has mentioned a future beyond the next weekend.

"Let's start with tonight. Let's get around this thing as quickly as possible and then head for some dinner and then..." I pull his tie playfully and he pulls me closer to him.

"Finish what you were saying. We finish looking around, go to dinner and then...?"

"And then it's your choice"

"My choice? Anything I want?"

"Anything" I tell him but then have second thoughts and blurt out in a rush.

"Nothing to do with my...ummm...I don't want to...do...you know? Butt stuff"

He throws back his head and laughs really hard and loud which causes everyone in the surrounding area to look.

"Christian!" I try to shush him but his laugh is infectious and I'm soon joining in with him before I pull him over to a dark corner. Once we have both finished laughing he wraps his arms around me and kisses me gently.

"I promise I won't do any "Butt stuff" to you, well, I might spank you. Is that OK?"

"Did you bring the silver balls?"

"I did"

"Then that's OK. Let's look around"

We walk around for 5 minutes before a photographer approaches us and asks for a picture. Christian pulls me close and then when the photographer asks my name, Christian tells him.

We walk around for another 5 minutes before we come face to face with 7 massive black and white pictures of me. Before I can say anything, Christian walks to the desk and produces a credit card. After gesturing to the girl who is just drooling at him for five minutes he walks back to me.

"Which one did you buy?"

"All of them. I don't want you hanging in some perverts basement so he can Jack off while thinking about you!"

"You would prefer it was you?" I grin.

"Frankly yes. But if I ever have you hanging in my basement it will be with red silk ropes and I'll make damn sure you're enjoying yourself" He tells me nonchalantly and then continues on with his inspection of his new artwork.

After we finish walking around and I say goodbye to a very sour looking Jose, we make our way down the street hand in hand to a little Italian bistro.

We eat and talk over the next two hours and pretty soon we are making our way back to the Heathman. When we walk into our suite I realize it's the same one we stayed in when I drunk dialed him.

"Did you intentionally book this suite, Christian?"

"Yes. This is really where we started so I thought it would be nice to come back. I thought you would find it romantic" He tells me shyly.

"Remember when you told me that you don't do hearts, flowers and romance? You know that was utter bullshit right? You're possibly the most romantic man I've ever met" I kiss him gently.

"Well this romantic man wants to put some kinky sex balls in you and then spank your ass, interested?"

"Yes, Sir"

* * *

><p>A few hours later I am awoken by Christians phone ringing. He untangles himself from me and then I listen to his one sided conversation.<p>

"_Grey...really?...thank fuck for that...you've already contacted John Flynn?...I want someone to stay on her, even when she's taken back east...I'll pay for all her medical bills...OK...Good work,Welch" _He hangs up the phone and then let's out a big sigh.

"Everything OK?" I ask softly but it makes him jump a little. He turns around and then gets back under the covers and pulls me close.

"That was my head of security, Welch. I didn't tell you because I didn't want to worry you but remember I had to leave you early in Georgia? Well the reason for that is because an ex sub of mine,

Leila, she managed to get into Escala and she hurt herself in front of Gail. She bolted from the hospital and we have been trying to track her down ever since. She needs professional help and John Flynn said he would help her when we found her. Sawyer saw her lurking around Escala about an hour ago and he managed to convince her to come with him. He called John and now he is taking care of her at a local facility until he can move her back East. We believe she had her break because she left her husband for another man but then he died in a motor accident"

"Wow. That poor girl. I understand why you kept it from me, I know you didn't want me to worry but these are the types of things that I think I should know. I saw a strange looking girl a few days ago, it could have been her and if she had some sort of vendetta against me then I would have been blind to it."

"I understand what you're saying and going forward I will try to keep you in the loop."

"Thank you" I kiss his cheek and then snuggle back down in the bed. Christian wraps me in his arms and then kisses my head.

He smells really good. We had a shower together earlier and his body wash is invading my senses. I wriggle a little bit and I can feel the semi he has going on in his boxers. I reach behind me and touch him gently.

"Christian?"

I don't have to say anything else. He looms over me and before I have chance to even think we are once again making love.

* * *

><p>ANA'S POV- 1 WEEK LATER

When people used to tell me that they were walking on air, I never really understood what they meant but after spending these last few weeks with Christian as his girlfriend? I understand now.

We have spent every night together either at Escala or my place. We have gotten into a routine which I love.

We wake up, make love and then both head to work. If our work days allow it we have lunch together and then at the end of the day we head to one of the apartments. We have dinner together and then desert is normally a few rounds between the sheets. We have been in the playroom a few times and each time has been spectacular.

I am falling more and more in love with Christian as each day goes by. I have not said it to him yet because I just don't have the guts to say it out loud but I think I am going to have to pretty soon as he said it to me two nights ago. Granted he thought I was asleep but hearing him say those words made me feel happier than I have ever felt.

I would have rolled over and told him I loved him to but he was sat on the end of my bed with his back to me. He told me he loved me and then he softly told me he would never hurt me and how for years he thought he was a sadist but since meeting me he knows he is not

because the thought of hurting me is sickening to him.

He started whispering bits about his birth mom and what he went through and I wanted to cry. I understand why he got everything off his chest while he thought I was sleeping. It was his way of telling me all about his fifty shades without me running from him. I admit, when he mentioned beating girls because they looked like his birth mom, I was a little freaked out but then he said he loved me and all the apprehension I had just vanished.

Thinking about Christian brings a massive smile to my face but it's soon wiped off my face when Jack Hyde walks towards my desk.

He is one of the most creepy men I have ever met. At first he would sit really close to me and touch my back and things but after a week of that I snapped and told him not to touch me and to stay out of my personal space. Before I met Christian I would not have dreamed about confronting my boss about his behavior after only a week of work but Christian has made me more confident.

Since I told Jack to back off and that I had a boyfriend he has calmed down a bit but I still make sure I am not in his office with the door closed and a few days ago when I had to stay late because he had a trip to New York, I texted Sawyer and he remained near my desk for the entire night.

Sawyer has become a permanent fixture to my side since the Coping together ball. When Christian and I walked the red carpet and then shared a kiss, the cameras went wild. Ever since then I have been hounded by photographers where ever I go because according to them, Christian and I are the "IT" couple of the year.

I turn off my computer just as Jack stands next to my desk. He has been AWOL all day and now he saunters in at the end of the work day? Jackass!

I can see Sawyer out of the corner of my eye and he is glaring at Jack. He hates him and he has told Christian that Jack is a creep. Christian said that as soon as the news is out that SIP has been bought by GEH, Jack Hyde will be fired.

"Ana, I need you to stay late tonight because I need all the chapters reviewed for the manuscript I gave you yesterday"

"I have finished that manuscript and its on your desk along with the one that Courtney gave me this morning that you should have done but because you were not here I did it" I tell him coldly.

"There is no way you have reviewed both in this amount of time!"

"Well I have!" I say while standing and grabbing my bag because I was supposed to meet Christian downstairs five minutes ago.

"I have this thing, Jack. It's called a work ethic. Perhaps you should try it sometime"

"I have had enough of you, you little bitch. You're fired!" He screams at me which makes Sawyer run towards us and he gets in Jacks face.

"Who the fuck do you think you are screaming at her like that?" Sawyer asks him with a growl.

"I'm her fucking boss and I have had enough of her attitude! Strutting around here like she owns the place! Just because she's sucking Grey's dick does not mean"

Before he can finish his sentence, a whirl of grey and copper barges past us and before we can blink, Christian punches Jack straight in the mouth, sending him sprawling to the floor.

"You fucking prick, Grey! You'll pay for that!"

"Get up you worthless piece of shit, get your stuff and get the fuck out, YOU'RE FIRED!" Christian screams at him.

Jack gets to his feet and then wipes the blood from his mouth.

"You can't fire me, Grey. Jerry Roach owns SIP and only he can fire me"

"I've owned SIP for weeks, you piece of filth!" Christian snarls and Jack pales a little.

"You were going to be fired anyway because your work ethic is deplorable but after speaking to my girlfriend like that you are fired effective immediately on the ground of gross moral turpitude. Sawyer, get this piece of shit out of my building" Christian turns and takes my hand and leads me away but I can hear Jack screaming that Christian will pay for this.

When we get outside I see Christian's R8 parked out front. He helps me into the passenger side and then gets in himself.

"Are you OK, Baby?" He asks me gently while cupping my face.

"Yeah, I'm fine. He scared me a little when he screamed but Sawyer was there before I could blink. He told me I was fired because I called him out on his work ethic"

"You have done more work in two weeks than that asshole has done in the last two years. He won't ever set foot in that building again and by morning I will have him black balled from every publishing house on the west coast." He slips into CEO mode at the end and it's...hot.

"You know you're kinda hot when you get into big boss man mode"

"Big boss man mode?"

"Yep. My big boss man" I lean forward and kiss him on the lips. He smiles his shy smile and then gently places my hand on his chest.

We have been working on his touch issues for the last week and he is doing really well. I haven't touched his bare chest yet but he seems to be OK when it's over his clothes. Baby steps is the way to go with him.

We start driving and he tells me about his day. He flew down to

Portland with Ros today and then on the way back he showed her Mount St Helens. We get almost to Escala when he pulls over to the side of the road and then turns in his seat to face me.

"Why did you pull over?"

He looks really nervous and it scares me a little. He takes a big breath and then holds my hand gently.

"Ana...I have something to ask you"

"OK...What is it?"

"I have never been the type of man that needed people. I have always been a loner and that's the way I liked it. When I met you...my full world changed. I've never smiled as much as I have with you. I've never loved anyone as much as I love you. I have never craved a person's touch until you came into my world. I love you, Anastasia. I love you so damn much and I want to spend all my time with you. You asked me yesterday what I wanted for my birthday, well, I want you. Twenty four seven. I'm asking you to move in with me"

"You love me?" He said it! He actually said it!

"Of course I love you. I've just been too chicken to say it. I love you more than any man has ever loved a woman. So what do you say, Miss Steele? Fancy sharing my ivory tower with me?"

"Yes and FYI, I love you too, Christian. More than any woman ever loved a man" I smile and he leans over and pulls me into his arms.

"So we're doing this? You're going to move in with me?"

"I'm moving in with you. It's official" I smile and kiss him but he pales a little. He puts me back in my own.

"Ana...Before you move in I need to tell you something so that you have all the facts"

He looks really scared and I know that he must be about to tell me about him thinking he was a sadist. I don't want to cause him unnecessary anguish so I gently place my finger on his lips.

"Christian, the other night when you were on the end of the bed and you thought I was asleep? I was pretending. I heard everything you said and I've had a few days to think about it. Nothing you said changes the way I feel about you. I know you have a past and at times it was dark but I think we have a very bright future ahead of us"

"You heard me?"

"Yep. Every word from your birth mother to the reason you only had subs with brown hair. You're not that man anymore. You're so much better than that"

"You really are amazing, you know that?"

"I know, you're a lucky guy" I tell him as I bat my eye lashes.

"That I am. Let me get you home Miss Steele and I'll show you how we're both going to get lucky"

4. Chapter 4

****HI EVERYONE****

****THIS IS THE LAST CHAPTER. I HAVE LOVED WRITING THIS STORY AS IT WAS JUST ONE BIG HAPPY PLACE. ****

****SOMEONE SAID THIS STORY WAS BORING AND IN ONE WAY, I AGREE. THERE WAS NO DEATH OR CHEATING OR CAR CHASES OR HELICOPTER CRASHES OR PUNISHMENTS. THATS THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT OF HIM NOT HITTING HER WITH THE BELT. HENCE THE REASON THIS STORY IS ABOUT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF HE HAD NOT HIT HER. THEY WOULD HAVE LIVED A VERY BORING BUT VERY LOVING LIFE TOGETHER.****

****THANKS FOR THE REVIEWS. ****

****I HAVE ANOTHER COUPLE OF STORIES I AM WORKING ON. WHICH I WILL POST SOON.****

****THANKS AGAIN EVERYONE.****

****SEE YOU SOON****

****GG89 XX****

****ANAS POV. Four months later.****

"Christian! Oh my God put me down!" I laugh and scream at the same time but all he does is go about his business with me flung over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

"Christian?...Christian?...OK!...I'm sorry, OK? It was idiotic of me to go out on my own and I'm sorry I did it. You were right. I do need security"

He has been mad at me all morning. It all started when I informed him that now that Jack Hyde is behind bars that I would not need Sawyer anymore. He told me that I had to have security and just to spite him I left the apartment without telling anyone and went shopping on my own. It was stupid really but I wanted to prove a point that I did not need a hulking 6'3 beast of a man following me. Turns out I did need him because the paparazzi swarmed me in Starbucks. I had to hide out in the bathroom and then call Sawyer to come get me.

As soon as I got back to Escala and Christian saw that I was OK he pointed at me, shook his head and then walked away. I know that he was mad at me and disappointed so I tried to say sorry but he ignored me. I started following him from room to room and after almost twenty minutes he threw me over his shoulder and then just carried on about his business. He has made a phone call. Made himself a coffee and even took a pee with me over his shoulder.

Christian grips my hips and then slowly lets me slide down his body but he keeps hold of me by my shoulders.

"What you did today scared me, Anastasia. After what that crazy fucker put us through I thought you would have more sense than to run off unprotected. I love you. If anything happened to you it would end me! Do you understand that?"

"Yes, I understand and I'm sorry. I just thought with Hyde gone that it would be OK now"

"Baby, Hyde is just one of many crazy fuckers that are going to come at us. I have a lot of enemy's and unfortunately you inherited them when you agreed to marry me" he tells me softly as he touches my wedding ring.

Christian proposed to three months ago and we were married a month later at his parents house. We went on an amazing honeymoon across Europe and we have been back for about a month now.

Just before we got married, I started having threatening letters sent to me. I gave them straight to Christian and it was less than a day later that Welch discovered it was Jack Hyde. He went on a vendetta against myself and Christian and it ended up with him waving a gun at Christian outside of Grey House. Taylor pulled his gun and told Hyde to drop it but when he aimed it at Christian and pulled the trigger, Taylor shot him. Thank God the bullet from Jacks gun missed Christian by about a foot.

The police were called and Hyde was charged with attempted murder, stalking, harassment and a slew of other things. Yesterday was his sentencing and the judge gave him life with a minimum term of 35 years before he is able to apply for parole.

It's not only Hyde that is now behind bars. Elena Lincoln is also rotting away inside. I met her for the first time just before my wedding. She had been trying to contact Christian for months at that point but he ignored her calls and emails. He told me that when I told him about Stephen Morton he realized what type of monster Elena was. He had his team wipe everything about him from her computers and then he started putting together a plan to get her thrown in jail. The statute of limitations had ran out on Christian but he managed to find enough evidence on her for tax evasion and money laundering on her to put her away for years but what really hammered the final nail in her coffin was when the police found evidence of her blackmailing the Senator. Apparently he liked BDSM and Elena provided him with submissive's but then she started blackmailing him with the information. The senator ended up killing himself and Elena was handed a further 25 years onto her sentence because she was the blame for his death.

I have encouraged Christian to tell his parents about what she did but he is convinced his mother would blame herself as it was her that made him go to Elena's as a teenager and do yard work. I know one day he will tell them but for now all of Elena's mail is monitored so there is little to no chance that Elena can reveal any of Christians secrets so he feels comfortable to just get on with his life and put that evil witch behind him.

"I'm really sorry for making you worry. I'm just stubborn and I

promise not to ditch security anymore" I hold my pinky finger out to him and he laughs as we pinky promise.

"Do we get to have make up sex now?"

"I don't know. I'm pretty mad at you for walking around with me on your shoulder for the last ten minutes. Why did you do that anyway?"

"It was either that or throw you to the floor and fuck the life from you. The more you bugged me the more turned on I became so I thought it was best for you to be over my shoulder so I would not be tempted to punishment fuck you. I never want to do that again" The memory of the handcuffs on our honeymoon come to mind and I know he is still eaten up by that. I enjoyed it. Not the hickeys afterward but the actual sex was the hottest we have ever had.

"You know that was the hottest sex I have ever had, right?"

"What?"

"On the Fair Lady. When you used the handcuffs and really, really fucked me? That was the hardest I've ever come" I shrug.

"You liked that?"

"Yep. And now you won't do it anymore. I'm not on board with you giving me hickeys but If you want to take me to the bedroom and fuck my brains out, I wont obej.."

Before I can even finish what I am saying I am once again over his shoulder and he is making a beeline for the bedroom.

Ana-1 Christian-0

* * *

><p>ANA POV 5 MONTHS INTO THEIR MARRIAGE.

I walk into our bedroom and find my husband sat on the bed looking into space. I sit next to him and gently rub his back.

"Are you OK, Christian? You have been awfully quite since you got home. Everything OK at work?"

"Yeah everything is fine" He sighs.

"Well clearly something is wrong. You look like someone just told you your puppy died"

"Well...I want to ask you something but I'm not sure how you're going to react"

I scoot back on the bed and then sit Indian style and gesture for him to do the same. He sits in front of me and then takes both my hands in his own.

"You can ask me anything you want to, Christian. You won't know how I react until you ask me. Remember the butt sex conversation?" he

laughs and then leans forward and kisses me softly.

"I never dreamed you would say yes. I thought I would have to work on you for months or even years before you gave up that ass. Never thought you would pull a butt plug out of your closet and say OK there and then"

"See? I shocked you then and I might shock you now. Ask me what you want to ask"

"OK...I want you to skip your shot next week so we can start trying for a baby"

"YOU WANT ME TO WHAT?!"

"I want you to skip your shot next week because I want to have a baby with you" he tells me calmly like he hasn't just knocked my socks off. I didn't think he even liked kids!

"Where has this come from? You have never mentioned having kids before? Not once. I mean, I always saw us having kids but not for like ten years or so"

"TEN YEARS! Why do you want to wait that long? I'll be almost 40! I want a kid while I am still able to throw a ball to him"

"Why do you suddenly want a baby? What put this thought in your head?"

"Andrea's husband brought their son in with him today while he dropped Andrea her lunch. My office door was open and he just toddled in. Andrea walked in and apologized but I said it was fine. He walked over to me and put his chubby little arms up for me to pick him up. I walked around with him for almost an hour showing him the view and then the new aquarium Ros has in her office. He loved that and kept saying "Nemo" over and over and pointed at this little orange fish. Ros said that a son suited me and that I should get to work on one of my own with you. I gave Tommy back to Andrea and then I sat in my office for three hours coming up with a pro and con list for having a baby. The only con I could come up with was the fact that a baby seat would not fit into our R8's. I want to see what our love could make. Just think about it. A little boy who looks just like me but has your stubborn streak. Or a little girl who looks like you but has my temper...I never thought I could love until you came along and now I have so much love in my heart that I just want to use it on a little baby. Our little baby"

Wow. How do you respond to your husband pouring his heart out about wanting to have a baby with you? I thought we would wait years to have a baby but I do a quick pro con list on my own head and he is right. The only con is the car. We have the money, the stability and all the love in the world to give to a child...so why not now?

"OK..."

"OK?...OK, what?"

"I mean, Ok, lets have baby"

"Really? Do you really mean that? I only want you to do this if you're 100% sure, Ana. I don't want you to do this just because I want it"

"I promise you, I want this. Hearing you talk about our future little boy and girl and wanting us to have a family...I think I just fell in love with you all over again Christian Grey"

"I love you too, Baby" He leans forward and kisses me gently.

"Now. Lets work on that baby"

"Christian, my shot is still in effect"

"Then we should practice for when the fucker runs out" He says and then he launches himself at me.

* * *

><p>CHRISTIANS POV. TEN YEARS LATER.

"Why didn't we do this five years ago?" I moan and stretch out my limbs under the blazing sun.

"Because you were on your "Lets knock Ana up again" kick" My wife tells me sarcastically.

"Oh, yeah. That" I cant help but chuckle at her reply.

When we agreed to start a family a few months into our marriage I thought it would take months. The next week when Ana went for her check up with Dr Green to discuss skipping her shot, we had the shock of our lives when we were told that Ana was pregnant! Two months pregnant to be in fact. With Twins!

We were both surprised but very excited. When Teddy and Phoebe were born I fell in love with them instantly. Watching them grow and learn new things was my favorite past time. When the twins turned four we started trying for another baby and a year later we welcomed our second little girl Maggie-Rose.

I love our three children but its nice to spend some quality time with my wife without being interrupted by the little intruders. They are all spending the week with my parents while Ana and I take a much needed vacation in the Caribbean.

"Do you think the kids are missing us?"

"Christian, the kids are having the time of their lives with your parents. I know you miss them but try to relax and enjoy yourself"

"I am enjoying myself. I would be enjoying myself even more if I were buried in you"

"What's stopping you?" She grins over the rim of her sunglasses.

"Ana, we are on a beach with people walking all around us but just wait until I get you back to the hotel"

She gets up from her lounge and then lays herself down on top of me so we are chest to chest.

"Do you know what I was just thinking about?"

"What would that be Mrs Grey"

"I was thinking about when we first met. When I came back to Georgia and I asked you to show me how bad it could get. You didn't hit me and I always wondered why?"

I think back to that morning all those years ago. I had a voice screaming in my head not to do it. I could never hit Ana with a belt.

"I had this voice telling me that If I hit you then we would be over. It was like this voice was screaming at me not to do it. If I had hit you, what do you think you would have done?"

She rest her chin on her hands and stares me in the eye.

"I'm not 100% sure but I doubt I would have handled it well. More than likely I would have thought I was not what you needed and I would have left"

"I think that's why I stopped. The risk of you leaving was to great. I never want you to leave"

"Well here we are ten years later and we have never spent the night apart in anger. We have three beautiful children and a marriage that is perfect. I don't think I will be leaving any time soon" She smiles and then kisses my chest in my once forbidden zone.

"I am glad to hear that, Baby. Now, why don't we get the hell off this beach and get back to our room so we can fuck our brains out?"

"You say the most romantic things to me" She giggles "But before we leave this beach I need to tell you something"

"What would that be?"

"Remember about two months ago when we were in New York and the kids were playing up and I was so frazzled I forgot to take my pill and when I told you, you said that you were sure that skipping it one night would not get us pregnant?...Well guess what?" I sit up really fast so we are face to face,

"You're pregnant? For real?"

"For real. I went to Dr Green before we flew out here and she confirmed it. That night in New York after you helped me get the kids to bed, you poured me a glass of wine and we sat on our balcony just talking and then you told me you loved me and made love to me under the stars. We made a baby that night"

"I'm so happy! I wanted another baby but didn't want to bring it up because of what you did to me when you were having Maggie" I wince when I think of when she had my balls in a death grip and told me I

was never to touch her sexually ever again. That lasted about six weeks and one hour.

"I'm happy too. And I am sorry I almost ripped your balls off in the delivery room. I promise not to do that to you again" She laughs.

"I love you so much, Anastasia"

"I love you too, Christian"

I kiss her slow and long and send up a prayer to which ever power told me not to use that belt that day.

I'm not sure where Ana and I would have ended up if I had used it but I know one thing. This right here. On this beach with my wife is where I am supposed to be.

Life is good.

Really good.

THE END

End
file.